

ARCHERIE

REVIV'D

A

Poëtical Essay,

Penn'd upon occasion of the intended
Must'r of the Company of Archers
in Scotland, June 11. 1677.

Ha Nuga seria docens.



EDINBURGH,

Printed by the Heir of Andrew Anderson,
Printer to His most Sacred Majesty. 1677.

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7 DEC 1965

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He Nunc Jura ducunt.



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To the Most NOBLE and POTENT,

JOHN

MARQUESS of ATHOL,

EARLE OF

ATHOL and TULLIBARDIN,

LORD

MURRAY and GASK, &c.

LORD KEEPER

Of His Majesties Privy Seal in the Kingdom of Scotland,
and one of the most Honourable Members of His Majesties
Privy Council; one of the Commissioners of His Ma-
jesties Thesaury and Exchequer; Captain of His
Majesties Life-Guard of Horse: And Captain
of the Noble and Gentles Company of
Archers in that Kingdom;

My Lord,



HE great Blessing of Peace being the Improve-
ment of Arts, and that of War, so long as
this Mass of Earth continues in its Fabric
of Creation, beyond all Distance most useful
To cultivate this Art in time of Peace, is no
less the Interest of Mankind, than in time of War to pro-
vide Food and Raiment for the Winter, Peace and War suc-
ceed.

ceding each other by short Intervals, so naturally, and almost with the Motion of the Sun in the Zodiac.

The Practice then of this Art, since first Man began to loose the Reins of his Choller, (continued through a long Tract of Ages to this hour) having rendered it no less honourable than its first Institution was necessary, it cannot but be agreeable to the Genius of Mankind, to prosecute an Art Necessary, Useful, and Honourable.

Nor is the use of Arms (even the length of an Imaginary War) to be intermitted in the highest stills of the most serene Peace, unless the one half of the World resolve to become slaves to the other; Liberty being situate like the Brain, which though it rest secure in the immediate embraces of a Pia Mater, yet is not guarded by the triple Contravallation of a dura Mater, Scull and Pericranium, the first being a very tender Membrane, were not able of it self to protect it from Injury: So Peace, if not fortified by a continual Guard and a constant Exercise of Arms, is not able of it self to preserve it self, nor maintain the Liberty of the great Monarchies or smallest Estates and Republicks; as the jealous Practice of Luca, Geneve, Ragouze, and many other States do fully evidence; nor do I think that Nation worthy of Peace, who neglects the use of Arms, when they have attain'd it.

Besides, my Lord, if I were Umpyre in the Quarrel betwixt those two famous Rivals of the World, Peace and War; I could almost declare the First more injurious to the Latter, than the Latter to it; War both procuring and preserving Peace: But Peace (somewhat ungrate) in a few years oftentimes destroying its Rival, rendering the Spirits of Men by soft ease, and its consequences, so unapt for War, as by this subtle insinuation of Peace, like that of the Serpent in Paradise, Nations have on a sudden forfeit their Liberty, Honour and Peace it self. This Consideration made the Poet justly exclaim of the state of the Roman Empire in his time,

Nunc patimur longæ Pacis mala, sævior armis
 Luxuria incubuit, victumque ulciscitur Orbem.
 The repose of a few months in Capua made soon an Army that had jump'd over the Pyrenees and Alps, as though they had been mole-hills; sweep'd with their very breath their way to Cannæ, and from thence cut out a passage to Rome; and became so terrible, as Fame it self could hardly represent the Valour of it in her magnifying Glass: This same formidable and well disciplin'd Army, a few months ease made no less contemptible and ridiculous than a Company of drunken Boozs at a Low-Dutch Fair. Whereas the Practice and Use of warlike Exercises in time of Peace, preserves and maintain it firmly; no Nation being more secure, than that which is perfect in the Art of War.

The Conquest of the soft and peaceable Eastern Nations, was but the business of an ordinary Compaigne or two, to the meanest of the Roman Generals; those effeminate Gallants bugging so their Delilah of Peace, as they permitted her to cutt their Hair, and deprive them of both Strength and Courage: But, to disturb the peace of the Western or Northern Nations accustomed to War, was a Province only for a Cæsar, a Germanicus, an Agricola, or the like, Nec facile vincuntur vincere, (non vinci) assueti.

Pray, what did all the Romans huffings upon the Rhine for some hundred years produce? when they thought forsooth they had secured that vast Continent betwixt the Alps and the German-Ocean, what says their Noble and Ingenious Historian? why after he has reckoned up a great many Consuls, Generals, Emperors, affronted, disgraced, and defeat in subduing those stubborn Warriours, many Legions cut off, much Time and Treasure spent, Germani (says he) magis triumphati quam victi sunt; they were forc'd for honour's cause, to rest contented with an imaginary Conquest of that warlike Nation; a virine so transmitted to their posterity, that how dear the Germans yet esteem their Liberty, may appear by our weekly Gazetts. Nay this very day we know,

that the Turk having found the Business with the Sterne and
Marine Pol too hot, has now turn'd about, and is forced to turn
his conquering Arms against the more peaceable and soft
Russian, whom if not assisted by the other Europeans, he
may bring in some Distress.

To relate how much our Nation, (however traduced by our own
and scribbling Neighbour) has maintain'd its Liberty against
all assaults, and though sometimes over-run by powerful
Enemies, yet never losing Courage, or embracing the title
of Conquered (as those who brag more of their valour have
done) but still rallying and recovering their ground, not to
be conquered by Arms, but a glorious Succession only were,
my Lord, to make an Historie of, an intended Epistle Dedi-
catory, and therefore rather to be pointed at, than tyranni-
cally to impose the Patience upon your Lordship of an ample
Rehearsal: which should I in this place attempt, the same
might be said of this Piece, as the Stoick said of the city Mindas,
the Ports were so big, and the Town so little, he was afraid it
might escape out at the Ports.

Upon these grounds then, my Lord, having endeavoured to
prove that the exercise of War is the only Bullwark of Peace, I do
now subsume, at least presume, that amongst all the methods of
War known in Historie, that of Archery being since the memory
of Man universally practised (though now by the use of fire-arms
almost only reserv'd for sport) is the most noble and useful, and by
consequence the most necessary to be cultivate, whilst now we
are blessed with Peace, that we may be in readiness for War, the
Bow having been before the invention of Guns, the only recei-
ved weapon, and if well used, I am confident of equal force in
Battle, though not of so much noise, as the Musquet, now only in
use amongst those, whose Predecessors excelled in archery, and
the use of Bow.

Since then, my Lord, your Lordship has thought it worth
your pains to revive in this Nation, the almost extinguished
Art of Archery, and by your own Example (worthy of one de-
scended of so Noble and Ancient a Line of Ancestors, Fa-
mous

()
now both in Peace and War) to encourage the Nobility, Gentry, and Commons of this Kingdom, to resume the Exercise of an Art so much hitherto neglected. As the whole Nation without voice do owe the Obligation to your Lordships generous Endeavours, hoping that from your Lordships Original many thousand Copies may be quickly dispersed, and transmitted to Posterity. So I having the honour to be of that worthy Society, of which your Lordship is pleased to receive the Title of Captain, and not in good capacity to attend your Lordship in the Complement of Parade (being yet but a dull Proficient in the Art) am ambitious by another Art (in which I pretend to some smattering Knowledge) to demonstrate in the ensuing Poetical Essay, how much in the general Concurrence of the Nation, a particular Person may express himself,

My Lord,

Your Lordships most Humble

and most Devoted.

W. C.

[illegible][illegible]

3. 11. 1944

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Archery Reviv'd.

TO rake the Bowels of Antiquity,
 In setting out the Praise of *Archery*
 Or rouse our valiant Predecessours Ghosts;
 Of whose bold Actings grave tradition boasts,
 Only to show us how in every Age
 Our Archer did excell, in Martial Rage;
 Or stare the Question 'twixt the *Bow* and *Gunn*
 Which of those Champions have most Honour won;
 Or which o'th two in Field most useful are;
 To carry on the Motions of a War;
 Were a brave Subject, such as might infuse to List
 Thoughts, worth the Labour of a Nobler Muse
 To mould in Verse, than any I pretend
 To be of my acquaintance; And if penitence
 By one whose envy'd Leisure doth licence
 With what in others we can scarce dispense,
 Though done in fashion of a scattling Proem,
 Would bear the Name of an Heroick Poem.
 But I who am allow'd by fullen Fates
 To live in silence, cause our wits do hate
 All Native Product; and with pain do read
 Ought that derives its Birth from this side *Thames*
 I cannot safely trade in such a Theme,
 Unless I enter'd in a strangers name,
 And so perhaps it may procure Esteem
 For where our own will strictly survey'd be,
 A strangers would at least pass Censure free.
 Yet maugre all those countenchecks of Fate,
 I'll venture on it, and expatiate

A little on the Subject: *Speccially*
 In honour of a *brave Fraternity*:
 Whole joynt endeavors might with ease contrive
 A better Art then this, far more revive
 An Art scarce yet extinct, an Art which all
 Once practis'd; an Art Epidemicall
 Yet will I not extoll this Art so high,
 As with it's rivalls may beget envy:
 Decrying Wars inventions of late,
 No, I'll not bend my Bow at such a rate
 Lest while in praise of Archery I sing,
 The Bow too much bent may un-nock the string.
 Nor will I give directions for the Bow,
 That were to teach an Art, I do not know
 But modestly I'll comment on the Game,
 In praise of all, who bear an Archers name.
 "For many one do talk, (as all men know)
 "Of *Robin Hood*, who ne're shot in his Bow.

If Arts perfection do consist in that,
 We thereby nature strive to imitate:
 And every Art derives it's excellence
 From it's proximity to nature: thence
 Archery may be term'd the noblest Art,
 Which humane genius ever did impart.
 It so approaches nature 'tis the same,
 And differs from 't in nothing but the name.
 The Bull with horn, the Lyon with his paw
 Defends himself, and fights by nature's law,
 And man by the same rule his Bow doth draw.
 The Bow so ancient in it's primitive use,
 As it appears, Dame nature did infuse
 The knowledge of it, to be learn'd by nought
 But proper instinct, and so cheaply bought,
 As those, who ne're were blest with knowing Art,
 Yet in this knowledge, have been found expert.
 It was those Heroes, who practis'd the Game,

Before invention did receive a name,
Before the race of man yet understood,
What 'twas to bath their shafts in humane blood;
Before their choller did advance so far,
As to engage them in a civill war.
These only us'd their Bows to purchase food,
So much as frugal nature then allow'd;
Fierce in the sport, and eager in the chase,
Of all alive, save their own species.
Yea, when the race increas'd, and private jars
At first d'd squander into open wars,
The Bow did chiefly serve them, to annoy
Each other, which before they did employ
In sports more innocent: and with such force
They'd use their Bows, as neither Foot, nor Horse
Could then sustain their fury: nothing more
Destructive of mankind: and where before
Through Herds of beasts their Arrows would make way,
They now were forc'd to fight themselves at bay
Against each other: whilst the Birds and Beasts,
(Who look'd upon mens battels as their Feasts,)
Would stand aloofe, untill the angry Bow
Had done it's office, and revenged so
Their quarrel, then they would advance apace,
And feed upon the bleeding carcasses,
Tearing the bowels of the yet half-dead
Of such as on their Ancestors did feed:
These were the only Victors, of the prey
These Masters were, who ever had the day.
Plump with such food, they'd to the Woods retire,
VVhere man pursuing of his native sport,
VVould kill those Conquerors, and so feed upon
His own flesh in a piece of Vemson.
Thus did the active Bow make sport and war,
Assisting man, in what he ere would dare
So fortunately, as it soon became

(A)
V When bold *Columbus* plough'd the western Seas,
And with rude keele disturbed natures ease,
Approaching gently to that happy shore,
V Which never had seen Masts, or Sails before;
Some thousand Indians, with their Bows in hand
Appear'd to dispute his descent on Land;
Those naked varlets, who no art did know,
Pray who did teach those Lads the use of Bow:
From th'other World by Seas so separate,
As amongst some it has begot debate,
How these came thither from mount *Ararat*:
From *Affrick* then, *Europe*, or *Asia*:
Had they this Art? no, sure, by natures law
They learn'd this Art at first, for self-defence,
From which the art of War did soon commence,
Nor can we think that from those savages
This noble Art to our World cross'd the Seas;
Since ages, before that discovery
Each part oth' World practis'd Archery.
All this kind nature taught then, & evidence
Her care for mans food, and his self-defence:
She generously taught her Sons to know
No other weapon, but the nervous Bow;
Of which the constant, and delightful use
Did soon the art of Archery produce;
An Art so grac'full, it doth plainly show
What pleasure nature taketh in the Bow
Strong nerves, streight joynts, a daring, constant eye,
Are requisite for compleat Archery;
All which a compleat nature do imply.
The Bow doth courage, health, and strength improve,
Refresheth nature, gently doth remove
Noysome distempers, purifies the blood,
Encreaseth nature's heat, digests the food,
And wholsome purgament expels the bad,
Cherisheth jovial humors, revives the sad

Dejected

Dejected spirits, who at any pleasure
Should much frequent this generous exercise
In fine, this Art with nature so complies,
It hath the same friends, the same constant friends
Who e're loves health, and strength, will love this Art
Practice it often, t'ing it in his heart,
And who loves neither, but desires to dye,
Is both this Art, and nature's enemy.

This Art our Ancestors so well did know,
How both in war, and sport to use the Bow
That when their rage did coole, and softer peace
Allow'd their weary'd spirits some small succour
From wars consuming royl; least idleness
Might damp their courage, and perhaps oppress
Their active Vitals: they would still sometimes
Their generous sports with the famous Statues
Each Youth with Bow, and Quiver furnished
With store of pointed Arrows, mustered
In time, and place, as led by the Law,
In select Bands, this fair Militia
Would with such art, and vigour use the Bow,
And of their action make so goodly show
Such flights of Arrows at one lusty draught
Of brauny arms, whom exercise had taught,
Would pierce the trembling Host altogether,
With such a force, as one should scarce know whether
Those sprightly Archers lov'd best peace, or war,
Making those sports only preliminary
To bloody conflicts. For when the exercise
O' th' Bow, had made them gallantly despise
All battel-hazards, then with such delight
With Bow in hand they'd march up to the fight,
As if they were in Butts to shoot at white
Who then had view'd our ancient Kings
He see the pride no more there displays
To see whole Squadrons of tall Archers stretch'd

Their joints at once, as if they meant to reach
 Their enemies with lifts, and then advance,
 With graceful pace, as if they were to dance,
 Full stretched nerv's, and bodies full erected,
 With cheerful aspect, which they much affected,
 Then letting fly their Arrows all at once,
 They'd make the welkin whistle for the nonce,
 Rebouncing strings such musick would afford,
 As did *Arion* when thrown over board,
 VWhich had *Pythagoras* heard, he had declared
 That of his Planets ought with this compar'd.
 These gallant VVarriors fought with such a grace,
 Their bodies falling covered the place,
 VWhere e'r't they stood, and now depriv'd of breath,
 They yet appear'd even graceful in their death,
 A feather'd Arrow in each bleeding breast
 The valour of our Archers would attest,
 The winged shaft did seldom miss its aim,
 Such was the cunning of the noble Game.

VWhat brave exploits have been perform'd by Bows,
 Who has but tasted hist'ry, fully knows,
 They're famous in the mouths of every Boy
 VWho has at Schools rehear'd the siege of *Trope*
 The *Amazonian* valour to this day
 Famous in hist'ry, plainly doth display
 How much this active Art was in esteem,
 By which a few Girls did procure the name
 Of brave redoubt'd VVarriors, and 'tis known
 How terrible the name of *Amazon*
 Was to the Eastern Nations, and how far
 These Lasses did extend their fame by war,
 Against the greatest Monarchs then in power,
 Whose guards one would but thought, might soon devour
 Such troops of valiant Maids: yet by this Art,
 (In which 'bove others they were then expert)
 They

They have brought strong and numerous Armies down,
And made the Sword and Lance stoop to the Bow.

The *Parthian* Archer in his cunning Flight,
Would with his arrows so renew the Fight,
As those, who did pursue their Victory,
Were conquer'd by this subtle Archery.

The *Scythian*, now by name of *Tartar* known,
Has won great Honour by this art alone,
Fighting on Horse back with his Iron-bow,
Great Armies he does quickly overthrow,
And to this day the archer *Scythian*
Is terrible to the *Pole* and *Russian*.

The *English* Monarchs in their wars of *France*,
Did by the Bow their Honour much advance,
In three great Battels famous to this hour,
Of *Cressie*, *Poitiers*, and of *Agincourt*:
Whole grave Historians do confess they owe
These Successes entirely to the Bow.

Nor has our Nation less practis'd the Game,
And by the Bow deserve their share of Fame,
Witness our wars with *Romans*, *Picts* and *Danes*,
Whose Memory in Marble yet remains:
Where the brave Archer oft did overthrow
Well order'd Legions, with his faithful Bow:
By this our Kings their Crown and Scepter held,
By this the English Force we oft repell'd,
Maintaining stoutly those inhumane Jars,
Scarce by the Union yet made *Civil Wars*.
Since first the *Balliol* unhappy Case,
Umpyr'd by *Edward* *Douglashank*, broke the Peace,
The two brave Nations, living formerly
In strictest Bonds of love, and amity,
Begun to bristle, and have ever since,
(Till become Subjects of one Glorious Prince)
Dispute the Case so warmly, as (God knows)
What slaughter on each side, by stubborn Bows
Have been perform'd: what *Romans*, *Saxons*, *Danes*,

And *Normans* spar'd, that Blood, on *British* plains, by *Brit*
 By *British* hands, so prodigally spent, *Shows* that our Bows in vain were never bent,
 From *Trent* to *Tike*, from thence to th' Banks of *Tweed*,
Forth, *Tay*, and *Clyde*, who cannot plainly read
 The History of our Islands wars, and thence
 May understand both Nations Excellence,
 In knowledge of the Use of warlike Bows,
 Better than from *Speed*, *Hollingshed*, or *Stow*,
 Who by their bold writing Prerogative,
 Do alwayes place us on the Defensive,
 Though some of their own *Writers* do averr,
 The one as oft as th' other Vanquisher.

But as our Difference one Succession wrought,
 So has another to this Island brought,
 A fair Attonement, making Quarrels cease,
 And (save in words) has bound us to the Peace.

All these were *Feather'd VVarrs*, and justly claime
 No small proportion in the *VVings of Fame*:
 Our Nation in the Bow did much delight,
 Whether they were for Sport, or meant to fight.
 Though now with use of Fire-arms so indu'd,
 The Bow has almost gone in Desuetude:
 If so the ancient *Scots*, who still remain
 In their first Love, did not yet entertain
 This Princely Art, which else would sure expire,
 If like the Embers of an evening Fire,
 The Northern Climate had not all this while,
 Cherish'd this Art, and keep'd it on the Files
Glenlivet Battel, where Historians say,
 The Arrows did obscure the light of day
 For some good space, doth openly declare,
 How much in this art the bold *Highlander*
 Excels, to those, to these alone we owe,
 The Reliques of th' almost extinct Bow.

Hence a most *Wise*, & much inclin'd,
 Has resolv'd this Art, his now design'd

T'ere & again the Arms of Archery;
And counterballance bold antiquity,
In a most flourishing Society.

To whose Endeavours, since the Nation owes
The now received Exercise of Bows,
Were I as knowing in the Art,
As these are in the use of Bows expert,
I'd sing the boistrous thundering Cannon dumb
In the Clarind of their Encomium.

Yet I am, hopeful by this rude Essay,
I may to quainter Mules show the way,
And usher in, of some more happy Brain,
The richer Fancy, and excite their Pen.

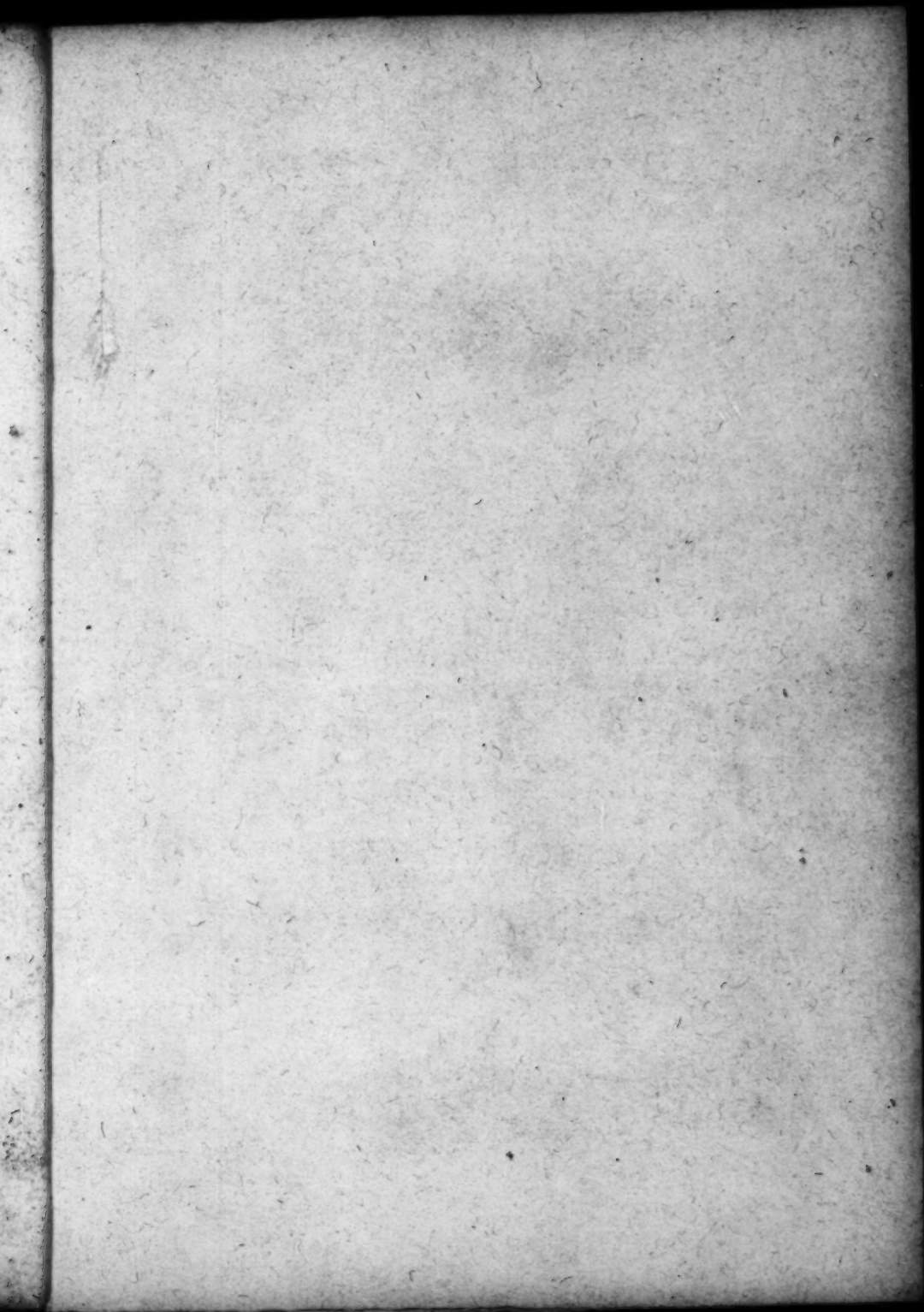
And now, though I did promise formerly,
I 'de not warrs late inventions deny;
Yet warm i'th subject, I cannot refrain,
But must a little on our Times complain,
Who have careles'd these late Inventions so,
As they've too much neglected th' use of Bow.

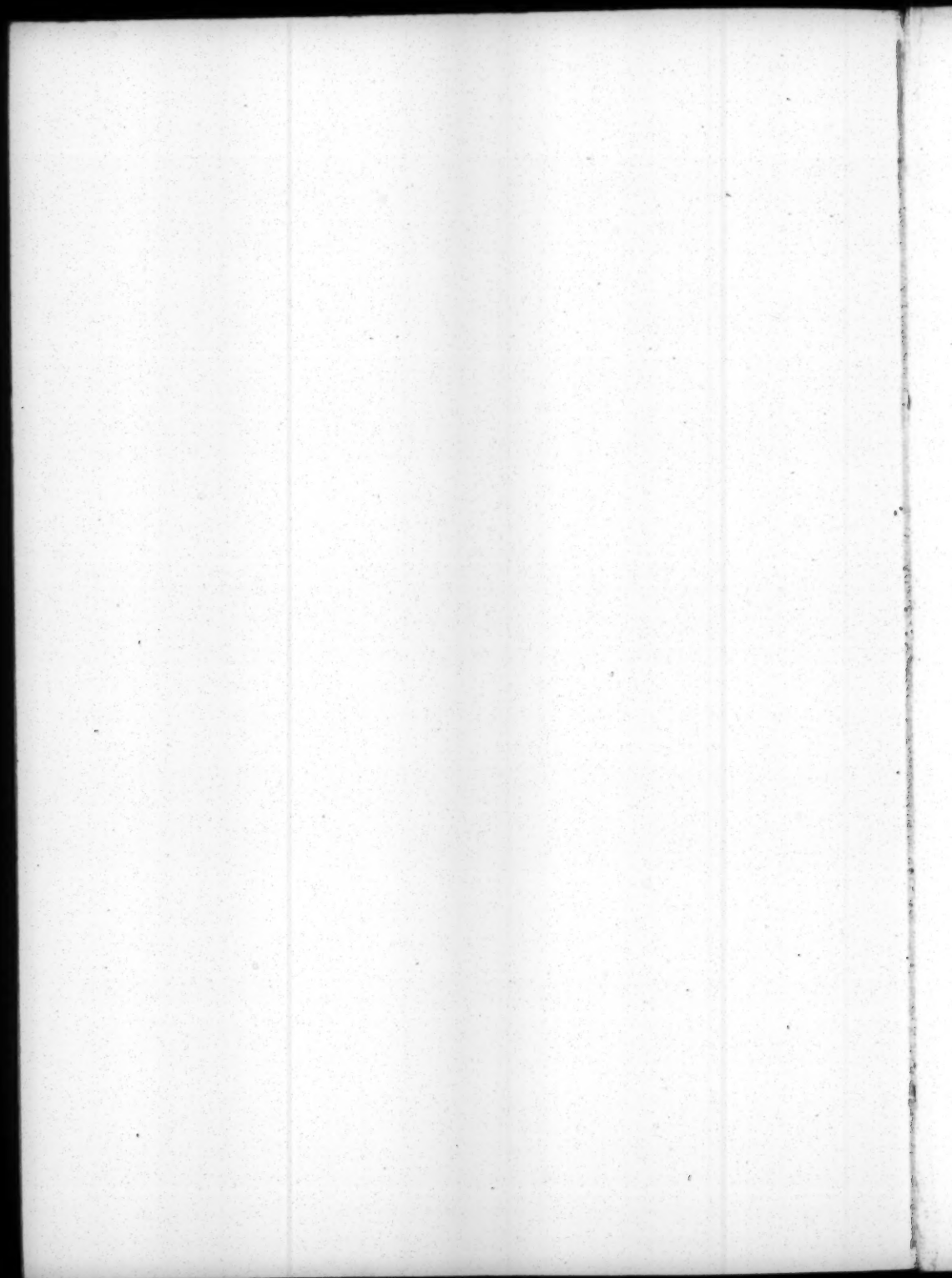
Pity then, such an Art should be out-don'd,
By th' airy Fanfara's of *Monsieur Gun*,
That roaring Gallant, who the world doth choak
By his continual Storms of Fire and Smoak.
That flaming *Hector*, whose assiduous Use,
Has made the world a meere *Vesuvius*.
Proud of his Conquests, o're the generous Bow
In *Brazil*, *Peru*, and in *Mexico*;
Where with his (there unheard-of) Smoak and Thunder,
He broke the Archer-squadrons all assunder.
On him do all now doat, and plainly show
A general Contempt o'th Noble Bow.
Our Gallants now in Gun do so delight,
As they their worthy ancestors do sight,
Upbraiding them for their so mean a choice,
As that o'th Bow, an Exercise for Boyes,
Compar'd with their *Monks Brar*, that *Opulent Rager*
By heavens anger only now in vogue

Who doth derive his Genealogie,
 From an officious Piece of Chymistry,
 Conceiv'd without Nature or Arts Consent,
 And thrust into the world by Accident.
 Yet has this Monster gain'd so great applause,
 As both to War and Peace he now gives Laws,
 Yea at this time, our Gunners possibly
 Do look upon this Show of Archery,
 As a meer formal piece of Pageantry.
 Well, Gentlemen, who knows but in the Nation,
 Th' old-fashion'd Bow may yet become in Fashion;
 This is but its first Tryal, and we hope
 Our Archers shortly may the Gunning-top
 Out-balance; nay perhaps ere all be done,
 He'll quash the roaring Language of the Gun.
 " Mean time speak good of Archers, and be low,
 " For all your Fathers shot once in a Bow.

FINIS.







B/mf.

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